A LATER EDITION



The Apotheosis of GEOFFERY GAMBADO.

From a Capital Picture by Young TITIAN, *painted by order of the Doge of Venice deposited in the Pococurante Gallery.*



ANNALS

OF

HORSEMANSHIP:

CONTAINING ACCOUNTS OF

ACCIDENTAL EXPERIMENTS,

AND

EXPERIMENTAL ACCIDENTS,

BOTH SUCCESSFUL AND UNSUCCESSFUL:

COMMUNICATED BY VARIOUS CORRESPONDENTS

TO

GEOFFREY GAMBADO, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF THE ACADEMY FOR GROWN HORSEMEN;

TOGETHER WITH

MOST INSTRUCTIVE REMARKS THEREON, AND ANSWERS THERETO, BY THAT ACCOMPLISHED GENIUS.

AND NOW FIRST PUBLISHED,

BY THE EDITOR OF THE ACADEMY FOR GROWN HORSEMEN.

ILLUSTRATED WITH CUTS BY THE MOST EMINENT ARTISTS.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR HOOPER AND WIGSTEAD,

NO. 212, HIGH HOLBORN, FACING BLOOMSBURY SQUARE.

1796.

[*Price* 15*s.*]

The EDITOR to the READER.

THE Public is in high luck to obtain any thing more that comes from the pen of Geoffrey Gambado. A former publication has nearly immortalized him, and I truſt the preſent will do it completely. It is true this work is chiefly compoſed of Letters addreſt to him, but his remarks and replies are added to them; and had it not been for Geoffrey, ſuch letters had never made their appearance; perhaps never been written. What had been ſuch a loſs to the community! I will venture to affirm that few, very few, have heard of ſuch extraordinary caſes, ſuch novel ideas, and ſuch obvious and ſalutary advice as are contained in the following pages. Were I to

mention

mention the odd place in which I found the MSS. copy of this work, it might create laughter---

" A paſſion hateful to my purpoſes;"

For having the ſafety of man's neck in my eye at this preſent writing, I think it no laughing matter; and ſhall therefore deem it ſufficient to ſay, I have found it, and have now the ſatisfaction of laying it before the world.

A paltry publication has lately made its appearance, on the ſame conſtruction as this. It is a periodical thing, entitled The Annals of Agriculture, and will, I dare ſay, be of much uſe in the chandlers ſhops. This too, like Geoffrey's edifying collection of letters, treats on propagation, cultivation, preſervation, the good of the nation, *&c. &c.* But when we once conſider for a moment the different objects the authors claim our attention in behalf of---Should even a potatoe enter the liſts with a poney, my blood riſes---my choler is excited.

Talk

Talk of propagation! Would the blockheads have us hesitate between a horse chesnut, and a chesnut horse! Common sense forbids it (particularly as it is to be the fashionable colour in harness this time five years); and as for preservation---Which should humanity first extend her arm to save? A cabbage or a cockney---A captain or a cauliflower? For these reasons I lament seeing, monthly, the names of several respectable friends of mine, affixed to a work of such subordinate consideration. Had they spent as much time in riding upon turnips, as they have in writing upon them, they might ere now have belonged to the first hunts in the country, and most fashionable clubs in town. But I fear the silk purse and the sows ear are but too applicable to most of them.

In the ladies, however, Geoffrey will undoubtedly find warm advocates. Those lovely creatures, who delight so much in the propagation of their own beautiful species, will ever support the Animal System in preference to the Vegetable; nor

waste

waſte their precious time and conſideration on a carrot, which may be ſo much better employed in furniſhing a cradle.

And whilſt the frantic farmers that furniſh their ſtuff for the Annals of Agriculture, ſhall be puzzling their brains to preſerve a ragged flock of ſheep from the rot, the fair ſex ſhall be more nobly employed in the preſervation of beauty, and what is more puzzling, though we daily ſee it attempted---the preſervation of even The Human Face Divine, itſelf.

Emboldened by theſe conſiderations, that the Annals of Horſemanſhip will ſpeedily drive the Annals of Agriculture out of the houſe of every man and woman of taſte and feeling, I do not heſitate to foreſee. From his anſwers to ſome of the following letters it appears, that Mr. Gambado was ſomewhat irritable, as in a poſtſcript, page he rather ſnubs his correſpondent for aſking his advice. It ſhould likewiſe ſeem that he was at this time rather ſhort of caſh, for he appears to have

have given advice for a fee; and once, if I recollect, treats of bad ſhillings. This, indeed, might a little four his natural diſpoſition, which I have reaſon to believe, from his phyſiognomy, was placid and amiable. I am told he ſeldom rode himſelf; and the only time he went ſix miles on horſeback, he wore a pair of Diaculum drawers. That ſuch an author ſhould be no rider may appear marvellous at firſt, but, on reflection, we muſt acknowledge that we daily find people ſpeaking and writing on what they know nothing at all about. Herein Geoffrey exceeds all I ever heard of: for ſuch a book of knowledge as his Academy for Grown Horſemen, never yet made an appearance in the world.

The Editor, therefore, of The Academy for Grown Horſemen has now to congratulate the public on the diſcovery of another work from the pen of the much-admired Geoffrey Gambado; a work that contains ſome of the moſt uſeful and extraordinary experiments, perhaps, ever made in Horſemanſhip:

Horſemanſhip: ſeveral curious cuſtoms and opinions of ingenious gentlemen, little known to the world, and ſome collected from very choice, but remote publications; together with (what will be no doubt eſteemed invaluable), Geoffrey's moſt ingenious ſuggeſtions, and preſcriptions towards the removal of every difficulty and danger incidental to that moſt noble art: his anſwers to ſome queries put to him, and his criticiſms on others that were un-anſwerable.

By the putting forth of this work the public muſt be let into much uſeful knowledge. The many practical attempts and atchievements herein recorded prove, beyond a doubt, that ſuch things have been; and having been, that in all probability ſuch things are. And even thoſe experiments that have not been attended, hitherto, with perfect ſucceſs, may yet, like balloons, turn out to the moſt valuable account, when taken into hand by more ſkilful philoſophers. The Editor here begs Leave to remark, that the Diaculum Drawers above-

mentioned

mentioned, are the only fabrics of the kind he ever heard of, and verily believes they are hitherto non-deſcript. He has ſome reaſon to think they are yet extant (and ſhould they be, they are worthy the ſearch of the Dilettanti); for a ſort of flannel breeches, apparently prepared in the ſame manner, but much damaged by time, &c. were laſt week offered to the Leverian Muſeum, but are ſaid, for delicate reaſons, to have been rejected by the proprietor as unfit for exhibition. What falſe delicacy! when the man peſters us every day with a non-deſcript in the papers; ſome old ſtinking fiſh, that never could be of ſervice to man, woman, or beaſt! whereas the drawers, like the North-weſt paſſage, if they could be once diſcovered, might prove hereafter of the greateſt fundamental conſequence to mankind at large, the Venetians only excepted.

THE EDITOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IT clearly appears from the Preface to the following Work, that it was compiled prior to Mr. Gambado's appointment of Maſter of the Horſe to the Doge of Venice; for it ſeems he had never at that time been above ſix miles from home.

To moſt of the Plates the Editor has thought fit to ſubjoin Latin mottos, as an elucidation of them to ſuch of his Readers as do not underſtand Engliſh; and ſuch he may perhaps meet with.



Pompado seeing the World, in a fix that Scorn fumes over Flattery

LAKES, FORESTS, CITIES, PLAINS, EXTENDED WIDE
THE POMP OF KINGS THE SHEPHERDS HUMBLER PRIDE.

LONDON, Publish'd March 25, 1791, by W. DICKINSON N°24 Old Bond Street

GEOFFREY GAMBADO

TO THE READER.

I FLATTER myſelf the following compilation will not prove unwelcome to the Public; it blends information with amuſement, and confirms how general is the thirſt for knowledge in the preſent times, which is not to be idly checked by the loſs of a limb or a life. The adventurers of this age are divided into two claſſes---*per mare*, *per terras*---of which latter deſcription are my correſpondents. Theſe of the former, fancy they diſcover much, by being at ſea for months together without ſight of land---by the wanting wine and water, and getting neither---but at length eſpying ſomething like an iſland unknown; it is perhaps more

like an owzle than any one laid down in the charts. They do actually diſcover, however, that the natives will not let them go aſhore, and that they muſt return as wiſe as they came. They diſcover that they have little left to eat, and leſs to drink; that they muſt live by ſucking each others ſhirts for half a year, arrive miraculouſly at home, and write a book about it.

My Correſpondents are of a different ſtamp; they diſcover that there is much left unfound out at home, and ſeem to be meritorioufly employed in conſequence. Going abroad, with them, I take to be only going out of the houſe and ſeeing the world, a laudable ride of a dozen miles. This opinion of ſeeing the world tempts me to digreſs a little. My apothecary, a man of knowledge and judgment, but who, no more than myſelf, had ever been above ſix miles from home, being obliged to viſit a patient at the diſtance of twenty, actually returned in amazement, and aſſured me, he could not have thought the world was ſo big.

Theſe

Theſe were his very words---and was not it mighty natural?

To ſhew how much of the natural he had in him, I cannot refrain from adding, that, having paſt a turnpike or two, for the firſt time, in this excurſion, he was in raptures at the piety of the people thereabouts; for he told me, that they had the Belief and the Ten Commandments painted upon blue boards at every gate---though he paſt through and could not read them, having left his ſpectacles at home.

Pardon, gentle Reader, this digreſſion, which has informed you of an anecdote rather extraordinary. If you do not believe it, and ſhould find out the ſubject, who was himſelf the narrator; don't venture to tell him ſo---He is a paſſionate man, rather inclined to let blood, and may perhaps, if you commit yourſelf to him, put you to death.

To return to buſineſs---The letters I have received have required a clever arrangement; and I

thought

thought it better to add my anſwers, or remarks, immediately to each, than to huddle the letters into one part, and the anſwers into a ſecond. Cuts were alſo thought neceſſary towards the clearing up of ſome of the moſt blind deſcriptions of awkward ſituations and queer accidents which, I confeſs, are, here and there, but lamely made out by the writers. I wiſh my delineator may have ſucceeded in thoſe I ſet him to. Several I have received, incloſed in letters from the ſufferers, or experimental philoſophers themſelves, many of which are frightfully deſcriptive.

I requeſt my Readers will be more attentive to what is contained in the following pages, than they were to my Hiſtory of Cruppers, this being of a much more ſerious tendency---and a publication that for its ſalutary or wholſome advice ought to be printed for braſs *. Some of the letters, indeed, border

* Leſt the Printer ſhould forget his *erratum*, I muſt ſuggeſt, that Mr. G. could never mean FOR but IN braſs.

Mr. G. mentions his Hiſtory of Cruppers—a work new to my ears—but I ſhall be diligent in my ſearch after it.

on frivolity, and ſome even on folly; but as they may divert, though they will not inſtruct, I ſhall not omit them; for bread, though taſteleſs, makes a ſavory diſh go down the better. And that this book may go down, I mean with the Town, now, and to Poſterity by and by, when it has ſerved its time and my turn here (for I expect ſome fame from it), is the very earneſt wiſh of, courteous Reader, your very faithful humble Servant,

G. GAMBADO.

LETTER THE FIRST.

MR. GAMBADO!

I Return you my moſt hearty thanks for the very ſalutary advice you ſent me laſt month, from which I have derived much improvement, and ſhould have acknowledged ſooner, had I made ſufficient trial of the fine machine you recommended in ſuch warm terms. My Hobby, as I told you before, is an admirable animal, and finely calculated for a penſive man, like myſelf, to take the air upon. It was a pity he was ſo prone to tumble, and that too, in ſtony roads the moſt; for he was otherwiſe bordering on perfection. So I ſent for a carpenter, on the receipt of your recipe, and had a large Puzzle of Oak made for him, after

the

the pattern of thoſe worn by the Squire's Pointers; and I have found it anſwer prodigiouſly.

I have had nothing like a bad fall lately, except one day in cantering over a ploughed field, where, upon a blunder, the machine entered the ground with ſuch force as to introduce a portion of the Hobby's head along with it. We came clean over, and for ſome time I thought my Hobby's neck was broke. I did not mind it myſelf, but I ſhall take care in future always to gallop on the hard road, and then ſuch another caſtrophe cannot enſue.

I am, Sir,

Your very obſequious humble Servant,

CALEB CASSOCK.

EYE, SUFFOLK.

P. S. I forgot to tell you my Pariſhioners ſtare at me a good deal. The Machine has an odd appearance, I own; but not altogether unpictureſque. I got the Drawing-maſter of Mr. Birch's ſchool to ſend you a ſketch of me. It is eſteemed a likeneſs. That of the Hobby is rather flattering.

I have

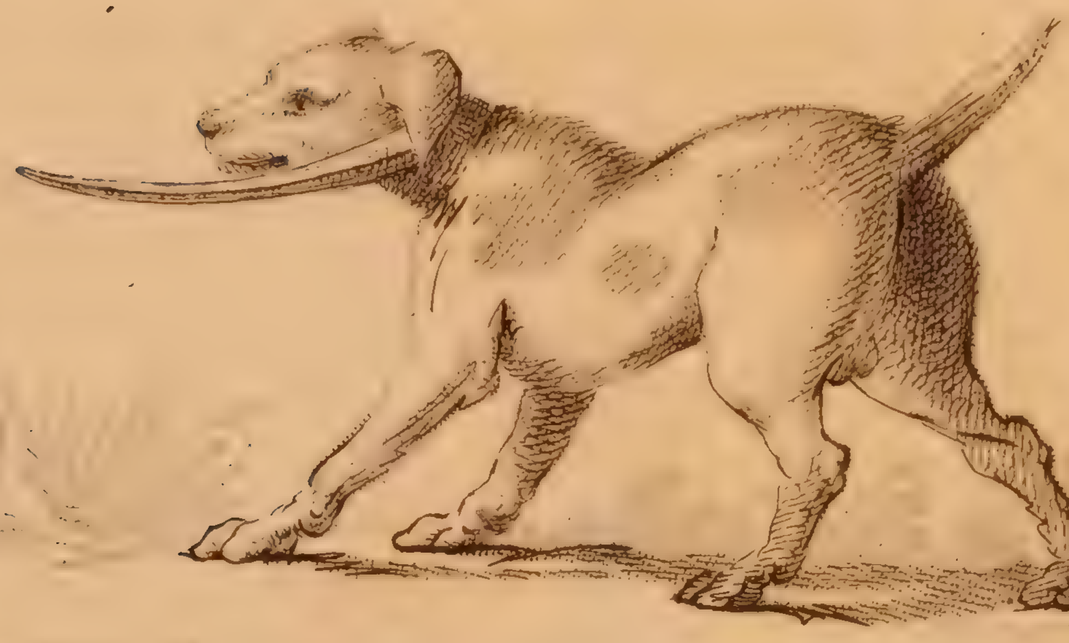


DOCTOR CASSOCK F.R.S. THQ. Inventor of the noble puzzle for tumble-down HORSES.

TE VENIENTE DIE. TE DIE[illegible]DENTE CANEBAM.

LONDON, Publish'd March 25: 1710, by W. [illegible]SON, N°24 Old Bond Street.

The Puzzle for the Dog.



The Puzzle for the Horse.



The Puzzle for Jack Frenchman; or, Crapaud.

LONDON, Publish'd March 26th 1794, by W. DICKINSON, N° 24 Old Bond Street.

I have ſent you alſo a ſketch of my Puzzle for Dog and Horſe, and a ſcheme for puzzling a Chriſtian.

C. C.

MY REMARKS.

I am happy to find the Puzzle has anſwered ſo well; and I doubt not, now it has been tried and approved by ſuch a right-headed, Reverend Gentleman, one who is alſo ſo good a horſeman, and underſtands all the matter ſo well, that, by producing his name, I ſhall be able to get a patent for it, which cannot but prove very lucrative; for who has the horſe that he will ſwear will never tumble down?

This I believe would be a queſtion that would poſe (upon oath) every man on horſeback in Hyde Park on a Sunday.

Though Dr. Shaw himſelf, who is a great traveller indeed, has the modeſty to aſſure us, that the Barbary horſes never lie down; yet even he has not the effrontery to ſay that they never tumble down!

I received the ſketches of the Puzzles for Dogs and Horſes; and hold it fit an etching ſhould be made of them, for the information of thoſe who never ſaw ſuch machines.

The ſchemes for puzzling Chriſtians, I ſuppoſe, dropt out

of the letter, for I never got it. There are, however, ſo many ſchemes of that ſort already about town, that it is no loſs, I dare ſay.

G. G.

My Correſpondent, I believe, did not diſlike ſitting for his picture—there appears ſuch an amiable ſmirk in his countenance, and he ſays too it is eſteemed a likeneſs.

Note to Letter the Firſt.

Although this Puzzle for a Chriſtian, as he calls it, was dropt, I can conceive its being of uſe, if put upon one of thoſe long ſtory-tellers who catch hold of your button, and thruſt their noſe and mouth in your face, when perhaps it is highly neceſſary to keep them at arms length. In the adjoining Plate, therefore, are delineated not only the Canini and Equeſtrian, but alſo the Chriſtian Puzzle.

LETTER

LETTER THE SECOND.

SIR,

YOUR fame having reached us here, I ſet down with pleaſure to write to a man who I am certain will have an equal pleaſure in ſatisfying the doubts that now occupy my mind. I would proceed and ſtate every difficulty I find in the treatment and guidance of a horſe, to which animal I confeſs I am rather an alien, although I have happily attained (yeſterday it was) my thirty-fifth year. I was bred to a buſineſs that debarred me from an amuſement for which I ſeem formed by nature, being, Sir, very ſhort in the fork, and what our wits call duck legged, and all my weight lying atop: and it was not till I emerged, as I may ſay, from the counting houſe, that I could make a trial of my abilities as a horſeman. I

really

really think I am going on well, that I am in a ſtate of daily amendment and progreſſive improvement. The queſtions I have to put to you Sir are ſo ſhort and ſimple that I will not divert your attention from them a bit longer, but put them down as they ariſe—they require nothing but an anſwer.

QUERIES.

1. What part of my horſe muſt I lay hold of to help me up, for his mane is cut off?

2. If he will turn to the left when I want to go to the right, how can I help it?

3. If he ſlips his girths, and the crupper is of no uſe, what will ſupply its place?

4. Should he tumble down by day-light, whether you think he would in the dark?

5. What a breaſt-plate is? We have heard of it here, but our Sadler does not know how to make one. The Adjutant of the Militia ſays it is a ſort of armour, to prevent the horſe hurting himſelf by running againſt a waggon or a wall. But I ſay it can't be; becauſe the horſe's head ſhould be armed, as that would

would hit the wall firſt, and prevent his breaſt receiving any damage. Pray ſolve this by return of poſt, as many betts are depending on it at our next Club.

6. How can I keep a horſe cheap?

7. What is my beſt way to ſell a bad horſe, if I don't like him?

Theſe are a few of the trifling queſtions I ſhall beg leave to trouble you with from time to time: and as it will be extremely eaſy, and, I dare ſay, agreable to you, to anſwer them, I ſhall make no apology but with my aſſurance that I am, Sir,

Your devoted and very humble Servant,

SAMUEL FILLAGREE.

G. Gambado, Eſq.

This fellow, with his aſſurance, appeared to be ſuch a puppy, I could not anſwer him for ſome months; indeed his queries rather poſed me; but his fees came in faſt, and I was fain to ſolve them as well as I could.

The firſt I left to his better judgment, only ſuggeſting that the ear of the horſe and the pommel of the ſaddle

were all that offered themſelves in lieu of a mane, if his horſe had none.

The ſecond I could not aſſiſt him in.

The folly of the third raiſed my choler, and involving with it the fifth, I had not patience to enter on either of them; ſo I fear the betts at the Club are not yet decided.

The fourth and ſixth were extremely eaſy to be anſwered; I never met with two queries more ſo. But the ſeventh, ſkilful as I am, I confeſs I could not reply to, to my Correſpondent's ſatisfaction: and I ſhall be much bound to any of my Readers, who will tell me, how the buſineſs therein ſtated is to be brought about; being ever open to conviction, and not yet too old to learn.

G. G.

LETTER THE THIRD.

From a Half-way Houſe between CAMBRIDGE and NEWMARKET.

SIR, MARCH 26, 1789.

HAVING long been earneſtly engaged in the ſtudy of mathematical ſcience, and being fond of riding, two purſuits uſually thought incompatible, I have been enabled, by means of this ſingular

gular union, to ſtrike out ſome important diſcoveries in both branches. The mathematical improvements in riding will, I hope, deſerve a place in the Annals of Horſemanſhip: my equeſtrian diſcoveries in mathematics you muſt permit me to reſerve for the Ladies Diary.

My love for equeſtrian agitation is, I believe, more general than that of any other perſon; for whatever ſatisfaction may be uſually experienced by riders while they continue on the backs of their horſes, I have never yet met with or been informed of one, who received any ſenſible delight from the circumſtance of being violently projected from the ſaddle. But here, Sir, from my paſſionate fondneſs for the mathematics, I enjoy a manifeſt advantage. From the concuſſions, repercuſſions, and every other kind of compound motion which can be generated conſiſtently with the due ſupport of the centre of gravity, I enjoy, I will venture to ſay, at leaſt as much ſatisfaction as any other rider: and at the time of being thrown off, or, in

more

more proper language, projected from the horſe, I experience a peculiar delight in recollecting that, by the univerſal laws of projectiles, I muſt, in my flight through the air, deſcribe that beautiful conic ſection, a parabola.

After ſome accidents of this nature, I have been fortunate enough, notwithſtanding the violent re-action of the ground in conſequence of the ſtrong action of my ſkull againſt it, to preſerve my ſenſe ſufficiently to be able to aſcertain the curve ſo generated by my body to deſcribe it on paper, and demonſtrate its peculiar properties: and am not without hope, if I can meet with horſes not too ſure-footed, by frequent experiments, to determine what kind of parabola it is ſafeſt to deſcribe; which problem will, I apprehend, be found very ſerviceable in practice, at the City Hunt in Eaſter week, and during the celebration of Epſom races.

Not long ago, by a particular convulſion of the animal from which I was ſo fortunate as to fall, I was very irregularly thrown to the earth, but had

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the ſatisfaction afterwards to diſcover that the curve deſcribed in my fall was a ſegment of a very eccentric ellipſe, of which the ſaddle was one focus; and that it was nearly, if not exactly, the ſame with the path of the comet now expected to return. And once, by a ſuccuſſation ſtill more anomalous, I was happy enough to deſcribe a new curve, which I found to poſſeſs ſome very amazing properties; and I hope effectually to immortalize my own name, by calling it *Lemma's firſt Hippopiptic* * *curve.*

The firſt equeſtrian problem that I ever ſet myſelf to diſcover was this; "When by pulling the reins you prevent a horſe from falling, where is the fulcrum or prop?---and how is the horſe's centre of gravity prevented from being thrown beyond the baſe of his legs?" I will not trouble you now with the particulars of this difficult in-

* *Hippopiptic* expreſſes the mode of the curve's generation in falling from a horſe:—from *Hippos*, a horſe, and *pipto*, to fall. I call it *firſt*, becauſe I hope by the ſame means to diſcover more hereafter.

veſtigation; but ſhall only ſay, that it turned out greatly to the honour of demipique ſaddles; which, accordingly, in the Mathematical Elements of Riding, that I mean hereafter to publiſh, I ſhall recommend very ſtrongly in a Corollary.

A learned Student in Mathematics has long publiſhed his ability and deſire to conſtruct breeches upon geometrical principles *.

Mr. Nunn is certainly ingenious, and his breeches, a few ſalient angles excepted, admirable; but the artiſt who ſhould make bridles, ſaddles, and other equeſtrian paraphernalia, by the rules of pure mathematics, would render a much more praiſe-worthy ſervice to the Public. For if the

* Mr. Nunn's advertiſement is as follows:

"BREECHES-MAKING improved by GEOMETRY."

"Thomas Nunn, Breeches-maker, No. 29, Wigmore-ſtreet, Cavendiſh-ſquare, has invented a ſyſtem on a mathematical principle, by which difficulties are ſolved, and errors corrected: its uſefulneſs for eaſe and neatneſs in fitting, is incomparable, and is the only perfect rule for that work ever diſcovered. Several hundreds (noblemen, gentlemen, and others) who have had proof of its utility, allow it to excel all they ever made trial of."

flimsy leather of breeches require geometrical cutting, how much more neceſſary muſt it be to the tough hide which forms the bridle? and to what purpoſe will the geometry in the breeches operate, if the ſaddle, by which they are to be ſupported, and whoſe ſuperfices they are to touch in as many points as poſſible, be formed ungeometrically? But I forbear to expatiate on a matter as plain as an axiom of Euclid; truſting, that whoever can perceive the utility of geometrical breeches, will readily argue, *à fortiori*, to the abſolute neceſſity of geometrical ſaddles and bridles.

Purſuing my principles, I have demonſtrated what is the right line to be drawn by the mathematical rider in every difficult ſituation. In aſcending a horſe's back, at what angle to extend the moveable leg, while the fixed one is reſted in the ſtirrup: in leaping, how to regulate the oſcillation, or balancing, of the body, by attending carefully to that fundamental point which is your centre of motion: in ſtarting, how to diſpoſe of the

ſuperfluous

ſuperfluous momentum, and thereby to preſerve in full force the attraction of coheſion between rump and ſaddle: in rearing, at what angle, formed by the horſe's back with the plane of the horizon, it is moſt adviſable to ſlide down over his tail; which, I maintain, is the only expedient that can be practiſed with a mathematical certainty of being ſafe: theſe, and many other important ſecrets, I am ready, at any time when called upon, to communicate. One I cannot even now withhold, which is this: that there is no good or truly geometrical riding, unleſs the legs be extended perfectly in ſtraight lines, ſo as to form tangents to the cylindrical ſurface of the horſe's body: in a word, to reſemble, as much as poſſible, a pair of compaſſes ſet aſtride upon a teleſcope; which I conceive to be the perfect model of mathematical riding.

But beſides this application of pure geometry, it has often ſtruck me, that too little uſe is made, in riding, of the principles of mixed mathematics.

Conſider

Conſider, Mr. Gambado, the ſix mechanical powers! the *lever*, the *wheel and axle*, the *pulley*, the *inclined plane*, the *wedge*, and the *ſcrew*; and reflect with what advantage all theſe may be applied to the uſes of Horſemanſhip. By means of a *lever*, having an elevated fulcrum raiſed on the pommel of the ſaddle, an entire ſtop might be put to the practice of falling; except where the practitioner ſhould voluntarily take a tumble, for the expreſs purpoſe of ſtudying the Parabola, or Hippopiptic Curve. The *wheel and axle* is already applied in the uſe of horſes, though not in any branch of Horſemanſhip, except the driving of poſt-chaiſes; but is alſo found ſo efficacious in preventing falls, that where a horſe has been uſed to that aſſiſtance, it is not reckoned ſafe to ride him without. The application of the *wedge* might, undoubtedly, very materially improve the art of ſigging. The *ſcrew* might, with advantage, be applied to the direction of the horſes head with more exactneſs, and conſequently enable the rider

to guide his courſe with mathematical accuracy. The *inclined plane* might happily be introduced to facilitate the backward ſlide of the rider at the time of rearing, as above mentioned. And a ſyſtem of *pullies*, in the nature of Mr. Smeaton's, by giving the rider a force equal to the action of many thouſand pounds weight, might for ever put an end to the dangerous vice of running away.

By the uſe of the principles of aſtronomy, I have invented a mode of taking the exact altitude of any horſe, at two obſervations; and am at preſent at work on a Hippodromometer *, to aſcertain the velocity of his courſe in the very act of riding.

But while I boaſt, and, I truſt, with reaſon, of theſe diſcoveries, I muſt candidly confeſs that a rigorous attention to theory has ſometimes betrayed me into practical errors. When my horſe has been pulling earneſtly one way, my own in-

* From *Hippos* a horſe, *dromos* a courſe, and *metrein* to meaſure.

tention

tention being at the ſame time to go another, I have pulled ſtrongly at right angles to the line of his courſe; expecting, from the laws of compound motion, that we ſhould then proceed, neither in the line of his effort nor of my pull, but in an intermediate one, which would be the diagonal of the parallelogram, of which our forces were as the ſides; but have always found that this method produced a rotatory inſtead of a rectilinear motion. When a horſe has run away, I have, to avoid the waſte of force in my own arms, calculated the neceſſary diminution of it in his legs; but, unfortunately, eſtimating it as the ſquares of the diſtances multiplied into the times, I was frequently daſhed againſt walls, pitched over gates, and plunged into ponds, before I diſcovered that it is not as the ſquares of the times, but merely as the times. I mention theſe circumſtances by way of caution to other theoriſts; not being at all diſcouraged myſelf by ſuch trifling failures, and hoping, by your aſſiſtance, to convince the world that no man can

ever

ever become a perfect rider, unless he has first made mathematics his hobby-horse. You will pardon this innocent play of words on a subject so serious, and believe me to be, Sir, with great esteem,

Yours, &c.

HABAKKUK ANGLE.

LETTER THE FOURTH.

To Mr. G. GAMBADO.

SIR,

I Want your advice, and hope you will give it me, concerning a horse I have lately bought, and which does not carry me at all in the same way he did the man I bought him of. Being recommended to a Dealer in Moorfields (who I rather think is no honester than he ought to be), I went to him, and desired to look into his stable, and so he took me in; with a long whip in his hand, which he said was to wake the horses that might



How to make the most of a Horse

LONDON, Publish'd March 25, 1791 by W. DICKINSON, N°24 Old Bond Stre



How to make the least of him.

QUANTUM MUTATUS AB ILLO HECTORE.

LONDON, Publish'd March 25, 1791, by W. DICKINSON N.º 24 Old Bond Street.

might perhaps be aſleep, as they were but juſt arrived from a long journey, coming freſh from the breeders in the North. There were ſome fine looking geldings, I thought, and I pitched upon one that I thought would ſuit me; and ſo he was ſaddled, and I deſired the Dealer to mount him, and he did, and a very fine figure the gelding cut; and ſo the people in the ſtreet ſaid; and a decent man, in a ſcratch wig, ſaid, the man that rode him knew how to make the moſt of him; and ſo I bought him. But he goes in a different manner with me, for inſtead of his capering like a Trooper, he hangs down his head and tail, and neither whip nor ſpur can get him out of a ſnail's gallop. And I want to know whether by law I muſt keep him, as he is not certainly the horſe I took him for; and therefore I ought to have my money again.

The Limner in our lane was with me when I bought him, and has taken a picture of him as he was with the Dealer on his back, and

another as he now goes with me upon his back; by which you will ſee the difference, and judge better how to adviſe me upon it.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,

TOBIAS HIGGINS.

LAVENDER ROW, SHOREDITCH.

Pleaſe to direct to Mr. *T. H.* Back-maker; or it may go to my Nameſake, the Turncock.

Reply to Letter the Fourth.

SIR,

UPON a ſtrict examination of the two pictures by the Limner in your lane, I am clear you are in poſſeſſion of the identical horſe you intended to purchaſe, although he does not exhibit quite ſo much agility under you, or make ſo tearing a figure as when mounted by Mr. —— who I am well acquainted with, and who, you may depend upon, is as honeſt a man as any that deals in horſe fleſh. You could have no right to return the horſe if he went no better than one with his

legs

legs tied. You ſtand in the predicament of Lord P——, who gave twenty guineas for Punch, and when he found he could not make him ſpeak, proſecuted the Puppet-ſhew-man; but my Lord Chief Juſtice adjudged the man to keep his money, and my Lord, his Punch, although he could not get a word out of him.

My opinion is, Sir, as you aſk it: that the decent man in the ſcratch wig made a very ſenſible remark, when he obſerved, that my friend Mr. —— knew how to make the moſt of a horſe, and I am ſatisfied that you, Sir, know with equal facility, how to make the leaſt of one.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,

G. GAMBADO.

P. S. I am ſorry to add, my Maid tells me, that two ſhillings out of your five were very bad ones.

LETTER

LETTER THE FIFTH.

To G. GAMBADO, *Esq.*

SIR,

AS I consider you, both from your situation and eminence in the science of Horsemanship, as the superior and patron of all Riding Masters, permit me, an humble member of that honourable profession, to request your countenance in my endeavours to diffuse the noble and useful accomplishment over the whole kingdom.

It is well known that many of his Majesty's faithful subjects, whose occupations oblige them daily to figure as Equestrians; so far from having been instructed in the art of Riding, are totally ignorant that any such art, or rather science, exists. For the benefit of these, I propose publishing a Treatise on Horsemanship, confined to the lower classes of life.

The

The firſt part I ſhall dedicate to the inſtruction of that very numerous and brilliant fraternity, called London Riders, or Bagſters; who cut, or rather (as my Lord Cheſterfield will have it) make ſo ſmart a figure in a country town; for theſe gentlemen, I propoſe to point out and demonſtrate, from irrefragable principles, the handſomeſt manner of riding behind their bags, with the genteeleſt method of rolling, ſtrapping, and carrying their great coats. In a ſhort digreſſion, and a few marginal notes, I intend to drop ſome hints, inſtructing butchers in the ſmarteſt faſhion of carrying a tray, whether loaded or empty.

I ſhall likewiſe riſque a few thoughts reſpecting the theory and practice of the art of riding before a lady on a double horſe, vulgarly termed *à la gormagon*, with ſome neceſſary inſtructions thereon; a due attention to which matters has more than once tranſplanted a coachman from his box, or a footman from behind the coach, and placed him in the carriage by the ſide of his Miſtreſs.

I propoſe alſo to devote part of my labours to the ſervice of the fair ſex, in compoſing a ſet of eaſy rules for riding gracefully between a pair of panniers, and ſupporting a butter baſket in the moſt elegant ſtile; a thorough poſſeſſion of theſe attractions may draw the attention of the fox-hunting Squires, and poſſibly raiſe the Lady poſſeſſing them, to the dignity of Spouſe to his Worſhip the Juſtice.

That nothing may be wanting, I propoſe to appropriate a few pages to the art of ſitting politely in carriages, with the moſt becoming attitudes adopted to each vehicle. Among others, the politeſt manner of airing, *en famille*, in a gig, accompanied with a huſband and three children; and, as there is no ſituation wherein art cannot be advantageouſly employed, I ſhall give a few precepts for the moſt advantageous diſplay of the perſon on a hay, pea, or duſt cart. For the uſe of both ſexes, I had alſo digeſted a few hints and directions, pointing out the moſt ſolemn and affecting manner of riding in a cart

up

up Holborn Hill, from Newgate to Tyburn; but the late adoption of the New Drop has made them, in a great meaſure, uſeleſs in London; they may however be ſerviceable to perſons under ſimilar circumſtances in country towns. As ſoon as I have put my work together, I ſhall beg your opinion of it; being, Sir,

Your humble Admirer, and moſt obedient Servant,

JAMES LA CROUPE.

The above Work, if well executed, promiſes to make a very pretty Supplement to mine.

G. GAMBADO.

LETTER THE SIXTH.

SIR,

BEING informed that you are now at home, and deſirous of giving every information in your power to thoſe who may ſtand in need of it, reſpecting their Horſes, I beg leave to ſubmit my caſe to you;

you; which, conſidering how fond I am of the chace, you muſt admit to be a lamentable one. Relying however, Sir, as I do, on your Philanthropy (I ſhould more properly ſay Philippigy), and that zeal in the cauſe which has ſo long characteriſed you, I make no doubt but the ſmall difficulties I now labour under will be ſoon ſurmounted.

You muſt know, Sir, I am very fond of hunting, and live in as fine a ſcenting country as any in the kingdom. The ſoil is pretty ſtiff, the leaps large and frequent, and a great deal of timber to get over. Now, Sir, my brown horſe is a very capital hunter; and though he is ſlow, and I cannot abſolutely ride over the hounds (indeed the country is ſo encloſed, that I do not ſee ſo much of them as I could wiſh), yet, in the end, he generally brings me in before the huntſman goes home with the dogs; ſo, thus far, I have no reaſon to complain. Now, Sir, my brown horſe is a noble leaper, and never gave me a fall in his life in that way; but he has got an awkward trick (though he clears every thing with his fore legs in

a capital



Bunbury del.

Stand off Sir I say or I fire.

STANT CÆTERA TIGNO.

London, Published March 25th 1784 by W Dickinson Newcastle Street

capital ſtile), of leaving the other two on the wrong ſide of the fence; and if the gate or ſtile happens to be in a ſound ſtate, it is a work of time and trouble to get his hind legs over. He clears a ditch finely indeed, with two feet, but the others conſtantly fall in; that it gives me a ſtrange pain in my back, very like what is called a Lumbago; and unleſs you kindly ſtand my friend, and inſtruct me how I am to bring theſe hind legs after me, I fear I ſhall never get rid of it. If you pleaſe, Sir, you may ride him a hunting yourſelf any day you will pleaſe to appoint, and you ſhall be heartily welcome. You will then be better enabled to give me your advice; you can't have a proper conception of the jerks he will give you, without trying him.

I am, Sir, with due reſpect,

Your very humble Servant,

NIC. NUTMEG, Clerk.

HINDERCLAY, near BOTESDALE,
SUFFOLK.

P. S. I hope what I have encloſed is genteel.

Mr. Geoffrey Gambado.

The ANSWER.

REVERENDSIR,

YOUR brown horſe being ſo good a hunter, and, as you obſerve, having ſo fine a notion of leaping, I ſhould be happy if I could be of any ſervice in aſſiſting you to make his two hind legs follow the others; but, as you obſerve, they ſeem ſo very perverſe and obſtinate, that I cheriſh but ſmall hopes of prevailing upon them.

I have look'd, and found many ſuch caſes, but no cure. However, in examining my papers, I have found out ſomething that may prove of ſervice to you, in your very lamentable caſe.

An Hoſtler (or Oſteler, for ſo I believe it is uſually written, though I find in the moſt learned Dictionary in our language, which explains ſome thouſands of words more than Johnſon, that it is vulgarly and improperly written Oſtteler, for Otſteler,



Tricks upon Travellers.

LONDON, Publish'd March 25, 1791 by W. DICKINSON, N°. 24 Old Bond Street.

Otſteler, query Oat-ſtealer, and this, it muſt be allow'd, appears to be the true word), an Otſteler then has informed me, that it is a common trick play'd upon Bagſters, or London Riders, when they are not generous to the ſervants in the Inn, for a wicked boy or two to watch one of them, as he turns out of the gateway, and to pop a buſh or ſtick under his horſe's tail, which he inſtantly brings down upon the ſtick, and holds it faſt, kicking at the ſame time at ſuch a rate as to diſlodge the Bagman that beſtrides him. (The annexed Plate will ſhew how the ſtick ſhould be placed). Here, Sir, is a horſe that lifts up his hind legs without moving his fore ones; and juſt the reverſe, as I may ſay, of yours; and, perhaps, the hint may be acceptable. Suppoſe, then, when your horſe has flown over a gate or a ſtile in his old way, with his fore legs only, you were to diſmount, and clap your whip, or ſtick, properly under his tail, and then mount again; the putting him in a little motion will ſet him on his kicking principles in a

hurry,

hurry, and its ten to one but, by this means, you get his hind legs to follow the others. You will be able, perhaps, to extricate your ſtick from its place of confinement, when you are up and over (if you an't down); but ſhould you not, it is but ſixpence gone. I ſend you this as a mere ſurmiſe; perhaps it may anſwer, perhaps not.

I thank you for your offer, which is a very kind one, but I beg to be excuſed accepting it; all my ambition being to add to the theory, with as little practice as poſſible.

I am, Rev. Sir, your moſt humble Servant,

G. GAMBADO.

Rev. Nic. Nutmeg, Hinderclay, Suffolk.

N. B. What you encloſed was perfectly genteel, and agreeable too.

Note.

Mr. Gambado ſhews more good writing, at leaſt more knowledge of what good writing ſhould be, in the beginning of the above Anſwer, than in any of his Letters. The judicious Reader will obſerve that the Anſwer at firſt is an echo of the Letter it replies to. This is approaching to excellence; it is bordering on the abilities of a Stateſman; for ſo the

the Miniſter's addreſs re-echoes the ſpeech from the Throne. Geoffrey's parts appear ſurely calculated for more places than one; and I do not ſcruple to think it poſſible, that, with a proper education, he might have been on the Treaſury Bench; and a very pretty Stateſman, I dare ſay, he would have made.

Note.

The Dictionary above alluded to, is a very deep work: inſtead of its containing more words by thouſands only than are in Johnſon—Johnſon does not give us ten words that are in it—nor does it contain much above ten words that are in Johnſon. No family ſhould be without it, eſpecially ſuch as have plenty of young Maſters and Miſſes in them; for it will at once ſatisfy any little doubts in their unfledg'd underſtandings, and let them into all the natural, but vulgar tricks and expreſſions that they ought to avoid. This admirable Dictionary is entitled a Claſſical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue.

Note.

If Lord Aboyne ſhould loſe his Creſt, which I don't ſee how he can well do, I would adviſe him to adopt this print of Mr. Nutmeg's hunter, to which his Lordſhip's motto is finely applicable.

"*Stant cetera tigno.*"

LETTER THE SEVENTH.

To G. GAMBADO. *Esq.*

SIR,

HEARING much of your knowledge in horses, I beg leave to ask your advice in a business wherein my delicacy as a Gentleman is deeply concern'd, and flatter myself that you will sensibly feel for my situation, my future fortune in life in a great measure depending on your decision. I have the happiness to be well received by a young Lady of fortune in this town, who rides out every morning, and has had the goodness to permit me to join her for some days past. I flatter myself I am belov'd; but, Sir, the horse I ride is my Father's, and he will not allow me to part with him: and this horse, Sir, has an infirmity of such an extreme indelicate nature, that our interviews are broke off every five minutes, and my dear Miss S—— will

perhaps

perhaps ride away with ſome other Gownſman who is more decently mounted.

I really, Sir, dare not mention, in plain terms, the ſhocking failing of my horſe; but, perhaps, if you look into Bailey's Dictionary, you may find it out under the article of Wind. Be pleas'd, Sir, to ſend me a recipe for this horrid infirmity, or I may loſe my dear girl for ever. I have tried ſeveral experiments, but all in vain; and unleſs you ſtand my friend, I ſhall go diſtracted.

Infandum Regina jubes renovare dolorem.

I am, my dear Sir,

In a great fuſs, Your's moſt truly,

GEORGE GILLYFLOWER.

ST. JOHN'S COLL. CAMBRIDGE.

P. S. Regina is not her name, don't imagine that. May I be allow'd to ſay, I am very anxious for an immediate anſwer, as ſhe rides out again on Friday next.

Memorandum.

In conſequence of the above, I ſent the caſe to my Farrier, who forwarded directly ſome powders to Mr. Gilly-

flower

flower with the following Note. The efficacy being ſo certain, the trifling indelicacy of the preſcription muſt be excuſed.

Honoured Sir,

By advice from Mr. Gambado of your horſe's complaint, I have ſent you a powder ſo ſtrong, that if adminiſter'd night and morning in his corn, will be bold to ſay no horſe in England ſhall ever fart again after Thurſday next. Shall be very thankful for your Honour's cuſtom in the ſame way in future, and your Lady's too, if agreeable; being, Honoured Sir,

Your Servant to command,

Jo. Wood.

At my Houſe at Cheſhunt every day. Horſes ſhod agreeable to nature and according to art.

G. Gillyflower, Eſq. St. John's Coll. Cambridge.

Additional Memorandum.

I thought it neceſſary to employ my Draughtſman, to delineate an interview, between a Gentleman and Lady enamour'd of each other, mounted on horſes, labouring under the infirmity mentioned in the above letter. The attitude of the animals, at theſe times, is admirably ſingular; and has ſuch an effect on the Rider, as always to attract his eyes towards the tail, to ſee what is the matter. Indeed the



Love and Wind.)

IUVENUM PULCHERIMUS ALTER, ALTERA QUAS ORIENS HABUIT PRÆLATA PUELLIS.

LONDON. Publish'd, March 25th 1791; by W. DICKINSON N°24 Old Bond Street.

Ovid.

the back becomes ſomewhat like that of a camel, until all is ventilated. I have ſeen ſo many things of this kind, that I am concern'd for the young Lady's feelings, on this occaſion, knowing they muſt be great. But ſtill, thoſe feelings, well delineated, might have as fine an effect as Le Brun's Paſſions.—I fear, however, my friend Wood, and his preſcriptions, will be in diſgrace; for a day or two ago, the learned Dr. —— of St. John's College (the ſame to which Mr. Gillyflower belongs), call'd on me for an ointment, to make the hair grow on his horſe's tail; and talking about Mr. Gillyflower's horſe, he ſaid he knew him; that he had bought him out of the Duke of Norfolk's Stud. I then told the Doctor of the awkward infirmity he had; upon which, he ſaid, he was not a bit ſurpriz'd, for the horſe was got by Phlegon, and Phlegon was one of the Sun's horſes he drove in his chariot; and that Phlegon and the other three were all got by the winds*; ſo that no Wood in the kingdom would be able to get his windy tricks out of him.

Mr. Gillyflower being a ſcholar, might have known as much, methinks.

G. G.

* Naturum (obſerved the Doctor) expellas furea tamen uſque recurret.

LETTER THE EIGHTH.

To the Editor of the Annals of Horſemanſhip.

Mr. GAMBADO,

I AM a tradeſman, in the middling way, and keeps a ſhop in Holborn, where you may be furniſhed with the beſt hoſe, of all ſorts, at the loweſt prices; but being determined to pay every one their own, without ſwindling, cannot afford to keep a one horſe ſhay, or a gigg; and yet having a wife and daughter grown up to woman's eſtate, I could wiſh, for quietneſs ſake, to give them an airing to Highgate, Hampſtead, or Hornſey, on a Sunday, like the reſt of my neighbours; but this I cannot cleverly do on a ſingle horſe, which is all I keeps. I was therefore thinking, that as you knows all about theſe here things, you might tell me of ſome kind of ſaddle, whereby it might be done, for we are all of us little, and very ſlight. I therefore takes the liberty of

axing

axing your advice, and am ready to make you the compliment of a pair of beſt boot ſtockings for it.

I think it is a ſhame the Society of Arts do not advertiſe a premium for finding out ſome œconomical ſcheme of this nature. Inſtead of which, at this very time, you have a parcel of fellows who go about teaching folks to ride on three horſes at once, when as how there are very few, in a moderate line, that can afford to keep half a one.

I am, yours, &c.

TIMOTHY LEG.

P. S. I have ſome notion the Legs are related to the Gambados. I know we are a-kin to the Boots.

The ANSWER.

Mr. LEG,

IF you can purchaſe a very long-back'd horſe, the thing you require is very practicable, and by one common, and two ſide ſaddles, you may all ride in file, or one behind the other; one lady facing to her right,

right, the other to her left. But if your horſe is of the ſhort punchy kind, you may manage the matter nearly in rank, or all in a row, by means of two appendages like panniers.

Thus, I think, I can accommodate any body, who has more than two to be convey'd, and is either poſſeſt of a long, or a ſhort-back'd horſe.

I make no doubt but you are connected ſome way or other with us, I therefore have ſent you all the wholeſome advice I could. And as there is no contenting all, I hope, at leaſt, the Legs will be ſatisfied, whoever elſe may grumble.

I am your Friend and Kinſman,

G. GAMBADO.

Your boot ſtockings will be very acceptable, as I have a touch of the gout in my knees.

LETTER



Me & my Wife and Daughter.

O TERQUE QUATERQUE BEATI.

LONDON, Publish'd March 25th 1791, by W. DICKINSON, &c.

LETTER THE NINTH.

To G. GAMBADO, *Eſq.*

Mr. GAMBADO,

THE following very ſingular affair happening in my preſence yeſterday, I take the earlieſt opportunity of informing you of it: in hopes, if any other accounts of it ſhould reach you, my ſtory may be heard firſt. I was juſt come out of my pariſh church, where I had, indiſſolubly I ſuppoſe, united one John Mudd, to one Elizabeth Middleditch. I was detain'd ſome time in the belfry, reprimanding my Clerk for ſuffering a tribe of filthy dogs to be parading the aiſle during the nuptial ceremony; when, on my entering the church-yard, I deſcried John, rather too ſweet upon Elizabeth, and conducting her among the tombſtones, under the large apple-trees. I inſtantly ſallied to rout them, which, as I was effecting, I heard a noiſe

of a tremendous kind, and looking up, ſaw (its a fact) a fierce-looking man, mounted on a horſe of great magnitude, prancing in the middle of an apple-tree. He ſhowered down the pippins like hail upon us, and, as I ſaw he was about to deſcend, I, for fear of the worſt, took to my heels, and was home, I believe, in a ſhorter time by ſome minutes than I was the Sunday before, when there was a danger of a turbot's being overdreſt. The pariſh have taken it up; and, I underſtand, ſtories of the turbot are handed about, to hurt me with the Biſhop; and this laſt buſineſs of the apple-tree, is turn'd into very ſhameful ſcandal. But the above is truth, I am ready to affirm. I have ſince heard, that the figure and horſe came to the earth, and flying over the church-yard wall, were ſeen no more. I have put ſome of the pippins in brandy (not for eating), as no doubt they will fetch a high price when this ſtory is publickly known. I am told alſo, that after my taking to flight, John and his Mate return'd under the apple-tree, no more diſmay'd

diſmay'd than if they had ſeen a common man a horſeback.

I am, Sir, moſt aſſuredly yours,

G. TACKEM.

Whether this was ſomewhat preternatural or no, I cannot determine. I am a good deal ſtagger'd in my belief, and dare not, at preſent, make publick my opinions. But I ſhould be glad to hear yours. I have, however, determin'd to have the apple-trees down.

MY OBSERVATIONS.

This is very hard upon the apple-trees, and harder upon thoſe that make pies from them. The ſtory certainly ſeem'd ſurprizing at firſt; and being, I confeſs, a little ſuperſtitious, I ſuſpected my Divine was none of the over-righteous, and that either a ſpirit, or his conſcience, frighted him. But the matter was ſoon clear'd up, by the receipt of the following letter, which came to my hands about five days after the other.

Mr. Sir,

I forgot your name, and ſo got a friend to direct this to you. I am told you are a uſeful man, that you publiſh all

you

you receive, and believe all you publiſh. Now, if you can ſwallow this, you will any thing; though I'll be d——d if it is not true. Laſt Thurſday our hounds ſtarted a hare ſo ſuddenly, whilſt we were chatting and lolling careleſsly, that, by G—, my horſe, who pulls like the devil, was off with me in a jiffey. As ill luck would have it, the curb broke, and he ran ſtraight on for the cliffs above the Scar. I was in a hell of a ſtew, but ſtuck faſt, and pull'd, and haul'd, to try to turn him, but to no purpoſe; for he made a ſort of a ſhy towards the cliff, and down we both went, by G—d. As good luck would have it, we came plump into a large apple-tree, in a church-yard, where we ſwung for ſome time, but the boughs gave way, and brought us ſafe and ſound to land. I tipp'd my nag over a broken place in the wall, and ſoon found the hounds again. But the fineſt thing of all was, when we firſt lit in the apple-tree, up bounced a fine girl from underneath; and a moment after, ecod! did Pudding-ſleeves himſelf, in full regimentals; I gave him a tantara, and the Doctor ran like a hare. You may inſert this if you pleaſe, and as it's a fact, you may tack my name to it; being,

Your humble Servant,

HENRY BOUGLE, Jun.

HUNTSCRAG,

NORTHUMBERLAND.

OBSERVATIONS.

The above extraordinary affair appeared firſt in the publick paper at Newcaſtle, and was afterwards copied into thoſe in London; the anecdote of the Clergyman excepted. I own I did not give credit to it, until I received the above letters, which put it beyond all doubt. For one of my correſpondents was the perſon himſelf who made the extraordinary deſcent; and the Doctor, who vouches for it, I ſhould imagine, had as lieve it had never happened.

It is indeed worthy a place in theſe Annals, as a very ſingular accident; but I know not what knowledge is to be derived from it, except, that a down leap is not ſo very dangerous, provided you have an apple-tree to leap into: at the ſame time, ſuch a tree affords but bad ſhelter for an amour, at leaſt at the foot of a ſteep cliff, as the Doctor muſt admit.

G. G.

LETTER THE TENTH.

SIR,

PERMIT me, through the channel of the Penny Poſt, to addreſs you on a ſubject I do not entirely underſtand; and which you, no doubt, from the eminence of your name, are a moſt complete maſter of. I have bought a grey gelding lately, which I never had ſeen out of the ſtable, but he look'd a very grand figure in a ſtall, and they aſſured me he was ſound: ſo, Sir, I bought him, and the next day mounted and rode him to Chiſwick. The horſe, Sir, I preſumed went oddly; and I got the hoſtler of the King of Bohemia to get up inſtead of me, and let me ſee him go. He went extremely well with his fore legs, juſt clearing the ground; but he lifted up his hind ones as if he was dancing, or drunk: it is the moſt fantaſtic

fantaſtic way of going I ever ſaw; and I ſent, and ſaid I ſhould return him: the gentleman ſaid no--- that a horſe could not go too much above his ground; and if it was with his hind legs, it was better he ſhould do ſo, than trip before and behind too.

I wiſh to know your opinion upon this: whether I muſt take him, or not. I am the joke of the road wherever I go, and the blackguards adviſe me to ride him tail foremoſt. I don't love a joke, eſpecially wherein concern'd myſelf; and rather than have another cut upon me, I ſhall cut riding entirely, and ſell this palfrey of mine to the proprietors of the Brentford Fly. It is a pity, Sir, that there is not room in the Leverian, or any other Muſeum, to exhibit the extraordinary motions of Bipeds and Quadrupeds; which, I think, are often more wonderful than their ſtructure. Had there been ſuch a convenience, I could have ſold my horſe for a hundred guineas, as a ſhew; and provided for a damn'd old Uncle of mine, that is always

always in my way. Awaiting your anſwer,

I am, Sir,

Your moſt reſpectful Servant,

R. MORECRAFT, Jun.

SEETHING LANE,
LONDON.

N. B. Having juſt mentioned what I could ſell my horſe for, under particular circumſtances; I muſt beg you, at the ſame time, to underſtand, that he is at your ſervice for five guineas.

G. Gambado. Eſq.

Memorandum to Letter the Tenth.

I remember anſwering this flippant young gentleman. But I could neither make him comprehend, that his horſe was afflicted with a double portion of the String Halt, or that he was to give me a fee for my trouble. So our correſpondence cloſed. But the horſe is actually to be ſeen going, four times a day, in the Greenwich, not the Brentford, Fly, with a dog on his back; and ſo very rare and uncouth is his method of handling his hind legs, that I have never ſeen ſo extraordinary an inſtance of excellence in canine equitation.

G. G.

N.B. The

N. B. The Public to be told, I am not to be trifled with. This young gentleman never wanted my advice, I dare ſay; put me to ſome expence in letters, about a damn'd horſe, which he had better have given to his Uncle at once, for his own riding. I don't love a joke myſelf.

LETTER THE ELEVENTH.

To Mr. GEOFFREY GAMBADO.

SIR,

THE following Extract of a Letter from Newmarket fell into my hands lately, near Cheſter. It contains an account of ſo extraordinary and ſevere a race, and exhibits ſuch an inſtance of bottom in three horſes, as can ſcarcely be parellel'd in the annals of racing. I hope it comes under the deſcription that will gain it admittance into your publication. I have made much enquiry at Newmarket about it, and can only make out, that the Oldeſt Jockies ſuppoſe it to be a letter from the

Duke of Wharton to Sir William More, in Cheſhire, who was his confederate on the turf.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

JOHN HAYMAN.

LETTER THE TWELFTH.

Extract of a LETTER *from Newmarket.*

THURSDAY.

" THIS Day the following horſes ſtarted for the King's Plate: Lord Godolphin's b. H. Shakeſpear, by his Arabian, out of a True Blue Mare; Lord Portmore's b. H. Looby, by Bright's Arabian, out of a Partner Mare; Mr. Panton's cheſ. H. Partner, by the Lonſdale Arabian, out of a ſiſter to Bonny Black. The betts were 2 to 1, the field againſt Shakeſpear.

1ſt. Heat. Shakeſpear took the lead, and ſup-

ported

ported it at his uſual deep rate, thro' the furzes, to the top of Choakjade, with Looby in his quarters all the way; but, in coming down the hill, he ran up to him, and they diſputed the lead every inch, to the three mile poſt, where Looby gain'd about half a length, and kept it, till they came over-againſt the Well Gap; but before they reach'd the diſtance poſt, it was impoſſible to diſcern which was firſt, and they ran in ſo cloſe together, that it could not be decided which won. Partner laid by, pull'd up, and walk'd in.

2d. Heat. Partner made all the play for the firſt two miles; and Looby, perceiving that Shakeſpear did not intend to call upon him, begun to be very buſy along the ditch, and gave him ſo much trouble upon the flat, that juſt as they enter'd the cords, they were both at laps, and ran it every yard in; but Looby being diſtreſt by the ſeverity of this, and the firſt heat, was forc'd to ſubmit to his adverſary, though with great honor, by half a neck. This rais'd the odds to 3 to 1 Shakeſpear did not win; which were accepted by the judicious part of the

turf,

turf, who relied on the Godolphin blood, and the honeſty of the True Blues. Shakeſpear went away briſkly the 3d Heat, cloſely purſu'd by Partner, while Looby lay too far behind, to profeſs diſputing this heat, as he had bravely done the two firſt. They were now in the third mile, and Partner had never attempted to take the lead; for, as he was conſcious he had the foot, though not the ſtoutneſs of Shakeſpear, he intended to reſerve his puſh as long as poſſible; but Shakeſpear being aware of that, and truſting to his bottom, began to make running as he croſt the ruts, and diſplay'd all his power upon the flat, with good reſolution: but could not conquer his adverſary, till the riſing ground from the diſtance to the winning poſt, by means of his ſuperior ſtrength, declar'd the conteſt in his favour, by half a length, hard run. This brought the betts to even money, Shakeſpear againſt the field.

The 4th Heat they all jump'd off at ſcore, and ran the firſt two miles as if they intended to tear one another to pieces; they then ſlackened their pace,

and

and came gently together to the flat, when they ran at the top of their ſpeed above half a mile, in which they prevail'd by turns; whilſt new wagers echoed from the Betting Gap and cords every moment. And now Shakeſpear having indulg'd a little pull, in order to have ſomething in hand at coming in, was thrown two lengths behind, and the other two continued cloſe together, ſtuck and cut every yard, when he made a looſe, as his laſt effort, and catch'd them within twenty yards of the ending poſt, dead run, and their riders almoſt exhauſted; when Partner broke down, and Looby yielded the victory, ſcarcely by half the head, and with it his life, for he died immediately after the heat.

" The weather is extremely fine, abundance of good company, and the battle was ſo equal, that the vanquiſh'd diſdain'd to mourn, and the victor refus'd to triumph.

Entered for the Mare's Plate to-morrow.

Juliet, full ſiſter to Shakeſpear.

Cordelia, by Cyprus, out of Bonny Black.

Violante, by Bay Bolton, out of a Snake Mare.
Camilla, by the Curwen b. Barb. out of Roxana's dam.
Roſalinde, by Childers, out of Brockels by Betty.
And my cheſ. Mare, Arethuſa.

" The chief betts at preſent are; even money my mare and Juliet againſt the field. They are all in fine condition, and it will undoubtedly be a ſmoking heat, for I ſhall order my mare to go off at ſcore, and run it every yard; you know ſhe'll come through without a pull. As ſoon as the battle is over, I'll ſend you an account of the victory by Tom, and am extremely ſorry that your indiſpoſition detains you from your favourite diverſion, the turf.

" Hannibal is fallen lame, and your horſe will win hollow on Saturday. Victim has paid forfeit to my young horſe, and I have match'd him with Pluto for a thouſand."

OBSER-

OBSERVATION.

This was a race indeed, and worthy recording in my Annals. Many thanks to the Correſpondent who communicated it.

G. G.

LETTER THE THIRTEENTH.

To G. GAMBADO, *Eſq.*

GOOD SIR,

I AM in great haſte, having a great quickneſs of pulſe, and my bed being now warming; but cannot get into it without informing you how faſt I came home from Market to-night, and upon my old Mare too, who was always unkind before as to going. But ſo it happened. The old Mare, that I could never get to go above three miles an hour, as ſoon as ever I was up, ſet off, and the devil could not ſtop her till ſhe got home—ten miles in about 58 minutes. I'm in a ſweat yet.

But

But I have found out her motive, and now the Public may make uſe of it—I had bought a couple of lobſters to carry home, had their claws tied up, and put one in each of my great coat pockets—Well, the old gentleman in my right pocket (a cunning one, I warrant him) ſomehow or another contrived to diſengage his hands, and no doubt ſoon applied them to the old Mare's ſide, and, I imagine, had got faſt hold of a rib by the time I reach'd the 1ſt mile-ſtone; for ſhe was mad I thought, and my hat and wig were gone in a twinkle—(a wig made by the man who advertiſes they never fly off the ears—a raſcal—wigs may now be univerſally complained of). However, when I got off, and had taken a little breath, I went into the kitchen to unload, but miſt one of my lobſters; ſo I run back into the ſtable, and there was the hero hanging at the old Mare's ſide: ſhe'd had enough of it, and ſo ſtood quiet. I eat the ſoldier to-day, and had like to have died of laughing the whole time. Now, don't you think a lobſter



H. Bunbury Esq.r Delin.t

How to make the Maire to Go.

NON QUO SED QUOMODO

LONDON Publish'd March 25th 1791 by W DICKINSON N°24 Old Bond Street

a lobſter might turn to account where a horſe is a little dull or ſo—mind me—if one of theſe fellows is not worth more than a dozen pair of Mr. Moore's beſt ſpurs—I'm a Dutchman—for I have wore out a dozen upon the aforeſaid mare in the courſe of the fifteen laſt years. Its eaſily done, only putting no handcuffs on them, and they'll ſoon go to work and do your buſineſs. Pray, Sir, don't you think they might be of uſe to the light dragoons?

I thought myſelf bound to inform you of this, as hoping it would prove a great national diſcovery: I mean to keep lobſters on purpoſe, for its cheaper than buying a horſe inſtead of my old mare; and I can go faſter with one of them in my pocket than I could poſt. When my boys come home from ſchool, to hunt in the foreſt, I mean to treat each of them with a crawfiſh for his poney, and then, I think, we ſhall head the field.

I am, Sir, yours, ever in haſte,

PETER PUFFIN.

T LETTER

LETTER THE FOURTEENTH.

Mr. GAMBADO,

I HAVE juſt received the incloſed letter. As it ſeems worthy publication, I beg you would inſert it in the Annals of Horſemanſhip, which I hear you are going to bring out.

I am your humble Servant,

R. TATTERSHALL.

SIR,

AS I cannot conveniently attend in perſon at your celebrated Repoſitory at London, and being in great want of ſuch a kind of horſe, as I ſhall ſpecify below, and as I preſume in your own Stud you have more than one, ſuch once victorious Steed on the Turf, though ſuperannuated

for

for the Race, yet capable of eaſy Road exerciſe (and the Writer here pretends to be as good an Horſe-maſter as any in the Univerſe), I confide on your ſuppos'd candour to excuſe this liberty, after much debating in my mind, to write immediately to yourſelf (having heard laſt ſummer Mr. Score, a Flint-merchant, ſpeak much to your praiſe, who dines, he ſaid, often at your Ordinary). I hope, therefore, you will indulge a Stranger's requeſt, as moſt probably you may have ſuch a Steed (in your own Stud) to diſpoſe of; which will be eſteemed a ſingular favour to your unknown, at preſent, though

Very humble Servant,

SAMUEL LANGLEY, (D.D.)

Wanted an Horſe, M. or G. of ſize and ſtrength, that has figured on the Turf, that will be ſold cheap, as being in years, but not paſt gentle road uſe, perfectly quiet and temperate, whoſe paces are ſmooth and eaſy to the Rider, and free from all vice.

P. S. If

P. S. If an Horſe be recommended, I had rather he had covered, if he will be ridden on the road in company with a Mare, and be quiet as a Gelding. But I ſhall not approve of one, either blind, lame, or broken-winded. Stiffneſs at ſtarting I ſhall not regard it, nor his Age, though in his Teens, if his conſtitution be good, and he can feed well, and yet go well, and ſafely to the Rider.

A line (and I pray ſuch compliments may be ſpeedily vouchſafed me) of the Size, Age, Pedigree, Colour, and his Performances, with his loweſt Price, will be immediately attended to. If I approve of the account, and the terms, I ſhall ſend to buy and ride him down. The diſtance is about 142 miles (meaſured), which he may perform, in 3 or 4 days, as you ſhall adviſe.

The Rev. Dr. Langley,
Checkley, near Cheadle, Staffordſhire.

CHECKLEY, May, 14, 1789.

LETTER

LETTER THE FIFTEENTH.

To Mr. GAMBADO;

SIR,

I HAVE long lamented that Riding ſhould be attended with ſuch expence; and ſee no reaſon why many articles attending it, which coſt money, might not as well be diſpenſed with as not. If a Gentleman, when his Bills are brought in, is ſomewhat put to it, to pay for Hay and Corn (which, by the bye, are neceſſary, or his Horſes would be no better than Jack-Aſſes), why ſhould he be ſo very extravagant in the article of Leather? Your Gentleman now-a-days, muſt have to his bridle, two head ſtalls, and two reins; to his ſaddle, two flaps on each ſide, two girths, a crupper or a breaſt-plate—perhaps both, not forgetting a martingale, with its appendages. I have

actually ſeen a young Cockader, about town, with a breaſt plate on his horſe, that threw his ſaddle forwards, merely to be taſty; whilſt his Companion's nag, who ſlipt his girths, had a crupper on like a Dragoon's. But, Sir, theſe Chaps are not confined to their expenditure in leather—Only obſerve the buckles and ſtuds, &c. that ornament their trappings—Not a bridle, but would furniſh a dozen of knives and forks—nor a ſaddle that has not a tea-kettle and lamp upon it.

Our Forefathers never rode in this way, and I am happy that I foreſee a Revolution is at hand.

It is needleſs to reprobate ſuch expence, as the Sadler's bill probably brings in the puniſhment along with it.

Whether Adam, or Cain, or Abel ever rode, it does not appear; but they had Horſes, and Dogs, and Foxes, and Hares; and why are we not to ſuppoſe that they went a hunting, and had as good ſport as we have (nay, better: for they had

no



T. Burbury Esq.r Del.t

How to prevent a Horse slipping his Girths.

NON SIBI, SED PATRIA.

LONDON, Publish'd March 25th 1791, by W. DICKINSON, N.o 24 Old Bond Street.

no Huntſmen)? They muſt, however, have rode without ſaddles, it is pretty clear.

I do not find that theſe ſuperfluities were held in much eſteem in the time of the Romans. Raphael, in his picture of Attila, at Rome, has treated us with a Hun or two, riding after the faſhion of their country, I ſuppoſe. The devil a bit of a bridle have they—nothing but a ſtrap round their Horſes neck, which they hold at each end with their hands. Nor are their Nags of the quieteſt either, but ſeem to be ſhowing their agility and caprioles to the beſt advantage. By no means ſuch Palfreys as either I, or you Mr. Gambado, would like to beſtride without a bridle, and a good plain ſaddle too.

One Stanurtius (a very learned old Author), tells us, that in his time, the Wild Iriſh (I don't underſtand how he diſtinguiſhes the Wild Iriſh) uſed to ride in a ſtrange way, but you muſt admit they had no bridles.

" Tubarum

" Tubaram ſetas, aut equorum auriculas ſeniſtrâ apprehendant; atque dum equi obſtipis capitibus quieti ſe inclinant, equites, etiam loricis aut ſagis amicti, mera corporis agilitate ſe efferunt, divaricatriq! cruribus ephippia occupant."

Which may be thus turn'd into Engliſh—

" They ſeize their Horſes manes, or their ears, with their left hand, and whilſt their Horſes were thus kept ſteady, the Riders, even if covered with their cuiraſſes or ſagums, exerting a wonderful agility of body, ſpring aſtride into the ſaddle."

By this it appears to be very lucky, that cropping Horſes, was not then the faſhion, or they would have had but little command of them. The Wild Iriſh now, I am told, have reverſed the mode, and taken up the tail inſtead of the poor ears, which are neglected.

The Tartars of this day, Mr. Gambado, have no ſaddles, but ride upon a Beef Steak, or a ſlice of Horſe-fleſh: which, by that means, becomes ſufficiently done for them to eat, by the time they have



How to ride without a Bridle.

(SECUNDUM EST, UT SIT MENS SANA IN CORPORE SANO.)

Published by W. DICKINSON, N°. 3 Old Bond Street.

finiſh'd their airing. What a delicious ſucceda-neum for a ſaddle; it anſwers two purpoſes at once. If a ſaddle ever anſwers a ſecond, it is, of galling you confoundedly.

I have dropt a hint of a Revolution—and I expect one. Let the Huns look to it; a ſucceſsful experiment of riding in their way, has lately been made in my country; but whether from motives of œconomy, curioſity, or emulation, I am yet to learn.

Mr. John Mann, a moſt eminent Taylor of Bury St. Edmunds, was one day obſerved to mount his horſe (which ſtood at the door of a Gentleman's houſe in the neighbourhood) when the bitt was out of his mouth, and, in that manner, to proceed rapidly towards home. My Informant followed him from curioſity; and, from what he could obſerve, ſaw no alteration in his riding except that he reel'd a little at times, a circumſtance exceedingly natural; and although he had three turns to make to the right, and two to the left, to thread the needle through ſome Mackerel carts on the road, and a Water to

paſs; (where, by the bye, he let his horſe ſtop too long, and drink too much), yet he arrived ſafe and ſound at home.

Now conſidering the five angles, the Mackerel carts, and his not going over the bridge, which was the right way; I queſtion but ſuch a performance might have puzzled one of Attila's fellows.

As bridles begin to ſhake, ſo I may well ſay, ſaddles totter. The Tartars muſt not think themſelves the only Moderns who ride without them. It was but two years ſince, at Aſcot Heath, that the thing was attempted and atchiev'd over the Courſe there. Two Gentlemen rode a match, and, wonderful as it appear'd to modern Britons, one was ſeen to arrive at the ending Poſt without his bridle, and the other without his ſaddle. The latter Gentleman had not even a Beef Steak to ſit upon, nothing but a pair of corderoys between him and the Horſe's back, the ſaddle following him behind like a pillion.

By theſe proficiencies then let us hope, Sir, we may

may knock off ſoon a very uſeleſs portion of expence—overtake a Hun, and perhaps catch a Tartar.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

JOHN HICKATHRIFT.

MY OBSERVATIONS.

The extraordinary performances of the Wild Iriſh aſtoniſh nobody. I had never heard of a Hun, when I read Mr. H.'s Letter firſt, and thought he meant a Hum. This may be a pretty way of riding, for any thing I know; but I am for a bridle and ſaddle; and ſhall not grudge twenty pennyworth of leather to make a martingale of, if it may ſave ſome of my teeth. Vale JOHN HICKATHRIFT.

G. G.

LETTER THE SIXTEENTH.

GEOFFREY GAMBADO,

EDITOR OF VARIOUS LEARNED PERFORMANCES.

SIR,

YOU have, no doubt, heard of a deſcription of Natural Philoſophers, called Pigeon Fanciers, who breed the bird of that name, and all its varieties. I was once, Sir, a member of this community, till growing tir'd of Pouters, Tumblers, Nuns, Croppers, Runts, &c. &c. I was reſolved to enlarge my ideas, by extending my reſearches, and abandoning the Biped, to obtain a cloſer acquaintance with the Quadruped, I became a Horſe Fancier. Being fond of riding, and daily obſerving, in my airings to Brentford, a very great variety of horſes, and a ſtill greater variety in their motions; I ſome years ſince, ſet about making a collection

of



H. Bunbury Esq.r Delin.

A Dairy Cutter with his Varieties.

INGREDITURQ SOLO & CAPUT INTER NUBILA CONDIT.

LONDON, Publish'd March 25; 1791, by W. DICKINSON N.º 24, Old Bond Street.

of ſuch as were ſingular, and eccentric in their ſhapes and actions, and flatter myſelf no private muſeum can have boaſted of a more admirable variety, than I have poſſeſſed. I mean ſome day or other to claſs them, and by ſo doing, think I ſhall be able to convince the Naturaliſts, that, from their form and performances, many horſes are allied to the cow, and ſome to the hog kind. In the mean time, I ſhall juſt mention to you a few varieties of this ſame animal, which I have had in my poſſeſſion; and which may, perhaps, afford you an hour or two's amuſement and reflection.

I luckily pick'd up a Daiſey-cutter, by his throwing me down on the ſmootheſt part of the graſs, in Hyde Park. I had heard of this deſcription of horſe frequently, but could not believe the accounts of it, till I found it verified, by experiencing his accompliſhments myſelf. It ſeems a problem difficult to ſolve, how a horſe can put forward his fore legs, without bending a joint of

them, or, how he can meet with an impediment to throw him down upon ground perfectly ſmooth! —but ſo it is. The Daiſey-cutter is admirably eaſy in his motion, and having once made the experiment, upon, and from his back, I am perfectly ſatisfied, and now keep him for my wife's own riding.

Of this variety, there is ſtill a variety: this horſe I likewiſe poſſeſs, and keep as a curioſity. I imagine he muſt come from ſome diſtant country, although he is nick'd after the Engliſh faſhion; for I cannot get any native to ride him twice.—I have tried a Frenchman with no better ſucceſs. All declining a ſecond attempt. This animal reſembles the Daiſey-cutter perfectly in the uſe of his fore legs: but, inſtead of carrying his head and neck horizontally, like him, they are raiſed ſo high, that his ears are in a perpendicular line with the pommel of the ſaddle, and his eyes always fix'd on the heavens. His fore parts, when in motion, by this means, much reſemble a double fiſh-hook, or

an



The Tumbler, or its Affinities.

CAVAT LAPIDEM NON VI, SED SÆPE CADENDO.

LONDON, Publithed March 25th 1791 by W. DICKINSON, N° 24 Old Bond Street.

an anchor, as thus  and I therefore propoſe to claſs him under one of theſe denominations.

The Threatener is another of this ſpecies that ought not to be forgot, and indeed he ſeldom is by any one who has once poſſeſs'd him. By the Threatener, Man himſelf, the Lord of the Creation, who ſubdues all the animals that range the foreſt, is himſelf kept in fear and trepidation. This ingenious animal has the ſagacity at every ſtep to threaten the fracture of his rider's neck; probably with a view to diſcourage and even aboliſh the cuſtom of riding in general: and at the ſame time the good ſenſe not to fall quite down, leſt he ſhould accidentally break his own. As amongſt pigeons, ſo amongſt horſes, there are Tumblers. The feat is, however, performed differently, and varies conſiderably in its effects on the performers. As the pigeon executes this without any thing on its back; ſo the horſe ſeldom atchieves it, without

ſomebody

ſomebody upon his. To the latter therefore we muſt give the greateſt ſhare of merit, who ventures to perform upon a hard road what the other does only in the air, without even a cloud to bruſh againſt. The one preferring, it ſeems, the Milky, and the other the Highway.

Amongſt horſes I have never diſcovered a Pouter; but I have had a fine Puffer *. The noiſe he made, however, and particularly when at his buſineſs, was not pleaſant; and I let a neighbour have him cheap, who had a good three-ſtall muſeum, and a very heavy vehicle to draw; ſo that in all weathers he might enjoy the entertainment of his very extraordinary qualifications.

It is well known that there is a horſe that is a Carrier, ſo is there a pigeon likewiſe. But as it may not be known to every one, I muſt inform

* The Puffer, if properly kept on plenty of hay and water, and with little exerciſe, will in a ſhort time gratify his Keeper by changing into another variety, which we call a Roarer.

you,



Horse with a Cow.

IN HOC SIGNO VINCES.

LONDON, Publish'd March 25th 1791, by W. DICKINSON, N°25 Old B

you, Sir, that, from very long obſervation, I find the pigeon is the moſt expeditious of the two.

I am at this moment, Sir, in poſſeſſion of a horſe that has a Noſe, if I may ſo call the ſenſe of ſmelling in a high degree: I do not perceive that he often hits upon game as the dog does, but he makes for a ſtable door with great avidity; nay, ſo certain is he of diſcovering where victuals and drink are to be had, that it is with the utmoſt difficulty I can get him to paſs a ſign-poſt; and it requires no ſmall exertion of arms and legs to prevent his running into every alehouſe on the road with me. Theſe are evident ſigns of a very fine noſe: it is a little inconvenient, to be ſure, particularly if one is in haſte; but the qualification is ſingular. This variety I ſhall call The Setter, both from his poſſeſſing the faculties of the dog ſo called, and from his proneneſs to ſet down his load wherever entertainment for man and horſe are to be found. I ſhall not at preſent enter into more varieties, but poſtpone my communications to

another opportunity: only having juſt touch'd upon the horſe with a Noſe, I muſt inform you, that one of my neighbours, an Attorney, tells me he has a horſe that has no mouth. Although my ſtalls are all full, I ſhall certainly purchaſe this uncommon animal, if he is to be had; as, from his formation, the poſſeſſion of him can be attended with little or no expence but the prime coſt.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

BENJ. BUFFON.

LETTER

LETTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

To Mr. GAMBADO.

SIR,

INTENDING the following account of a moſt extraordinary phænomenon that appeared in our pariſh two days ſince, for the Philoſophical Tranſactions; I ſhould not have ſent it to you, but that there was a horſe concern'd in it, and ſo ſtrange a one, that I thought that if you were not inform'd of it, you would be concern'd yourſelf. I have drawn it up to the beſt of my abilities. It is as follows:

On the morning of the 6th inſtant, the weather intenſely cold, the ground covered with ice or frozen ſnow, as I may ſay, preciſely at the hour of eight, A.M. as Mary Jenkins (who lives as ſervant at the Fox and Crown public-houſe, juſt on the brow of

Highgate

Highgate Hill), a young woman about nineteen years of age, of a freſh complexion and ſanguine habit, was lying awake in her bed (Reaumur's Thermometer then ſtanding at only and Fahrenheit's at), ſhe heard a ſhout of an uncommon kind; and running to the window, the following phænomenon preſented itſelf to her view. A man, dreſt much after the manner of the Engliſh, but of a fierce and terrifying aſpect, ſeem'd to paſs the Fox like lightning, mounted on ſomething like a horſe; but ſuch a one as ſhe had never before ſeen; having the head, neck, and fore-legs of thoſe of this country; ſaving that the legs were ſtretch'd out and void of motion; he was furniſh'd with a pair of wings, and his hind parts deſcended from his head obliquely to the ground. She verily believes he had a forked tail, but that hind-legs he had none. The man ſat very ſtiff and upright, and continued his ſhouts (which from what I can make out from the Girl's imitations of them much reſembled the war-hoops of the Indians), until he turned the corner by the

Boarding-

Boarding-ſchool, where ſhe loſt ſight of him. But he was again viſible to her naked eye at the foot of the hill; when ſome fleet falling, he wholly diſappeared.

The poor Girl, exceedingly terrified, awakened the family, and was order'd to go to Dr. ——, to take oath of what ſhe had ſeen; which ſhe did.

Being one of the firſt who heard of it, I buſtled about, and got a good deal of information concerning the progreſs of the phænomenon, and think I can aſcertain at about what rate he travelled.

As the clock ſtruck eight, Mary Jenkins ſaw him on the brow of the hill.

Mamſelle Bellefeſſe, the Teacher at the Boarding-ſchool, being call'd up before her time, and in a ſmall building which looks into the road juſt at the turn, her watch luckily by her ſide, ſaw the ſtrange gentleman paſs, preciſely at eight and three ſeconds. She deſcribes him differently from Mary Jenkins, though they both agree in the wings. "Il me "ſembloit avoir le viſage de Cupidon avec les ailes

" de Pſyche *"—ſays Mamſelle de B. At eight and ſix ſeconds the Blind Beggar, by his computation, heard him paſs the Cheeſe-cake Houſe. At eight and eight ſeconds A. M. the man coming to ſweep the chimneys met him at the finger-poſt. In a ſecond after, he knock'd down and went over Alice Turner, the Saloup Woman; and exactly at eight ten ſeconds, Mary Jenkins ſaw the laſt of him. Now calculating the ſeconds and the diſtances between each ſpot where he was ſeen, it is evident he went at a prodigious rate. Childers would have been a fool to him. But he had wings, indeed, which perhaps may be more uſeful than hind-legs, otherwiſe I could not have conceived it.

That there are horſes of this kind in nature I make no doubt; as the Lords of the Admiralty authoriſe us to believe it, by exhibiting two in the front of their Houſe of Office at Whitehall. To

* Which I learn means—He ſeem'd to have the face of Cupid and Pſyche's wings.

theſe horſes Mary Jenkins's ſeems to be nearly allied; and perhaps by enquiring at the Admiralty we may be inform'd where they may be had. As we lye on the great North Road, I ſhould ſuppoſe this, that came through our town, might be what they call a ſea-horſe, and come from Lapland or thereaways.

If you can throw any light on this wonderful phænomenon, Sir, I hope you will make it public for the good of the community.

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

WILLIAM GORGET,

Surgeon.

HIGHGATE, Feb. 26th.

P. S. I can't get it out of my head the pace the Gentleman went, conſidering the interruption he met with from riding over the Saloup Woman.

The Pariſh Officers had a long meeting about this ſtrange man that ſhew'd his face here. But I ſoon convinced 'em he had not ſtaid long enough in the pariſh to gain a ſettlement; and ſo they are eaſy. But there's great debates in

the

the Veſtry, and in the Coffee-houſe, and Mr. Figg's ſhop, yet about it.

MY OBSERVATIONS.

I WAS much ſtaggered when I read this account firſt; but finding, on enquiry, that Mr. GORGET, the Surgeon, was a Barber, I grew eaſier, and was no more afraid of the North Road than any other—I ſhall however be a little more cautious of the folks that lye on it.

After all the inveſtigations that have been made about the Phænomenon of Highgate Hill, and the ſearch into all books that treat of Witchcraft; Glanville, and Moore and Wanley: and after all the controverſy that has been entered into by the unhappy inhabitants, which has thrown that wretched pariſh into more diſtraction than ever fell to the ſhare of St. Paul in Covent Garden! No Vagrants paſt on—No Vagabonds taken up—No Turncocks to be found—all the Water at a ſtop—all the Gin a-going—How ſatisfactory muſt a glimmering of light be to theſe unfortunate Highgates which may open their eyes a little, and reſtore that harmony amongſt them they have been ſo long unacquainted with.

Having

Having received the following Letter a few days ſince, I beg leave to recommend it to the peruſal of the Nobility and Gentry of Highgate in general; but more particularly to Alice Turner (the Saloup Woman, if ſhe is ſtill extant), to the Chimney Sweeper, the Blind Beggar (ſomebody muſt read it to him), Mamſelle Bellefeſſe, and Mary Jenkins; being convinced, that if the ſtrange perſonage they ſaw was not Mr. James Jumps, it muſt have been a Conjurer or Cupid, Pſyche or the Devil himſelf.

G. G.

LETTE. THE EIGHTEENTH.

JEFFREY GAMBADO, Esq.

KIND SIR,

I HAVE an extraordinary story to tell you, that happened to me t'other day as I was a bringing two pair of stays to Miss Philpot's, at Kentish-town. I lives, Sir, at Finchley; and a-top of Highgate Hill my horse makes a kind of slip with his hind feet, do you see, for it was for all the world like a bit of ice the whole road. I'd nothing for't but to hold fast round his neck, and to squeeze me elbows in to keep the stays safe; and, egod, off we set, and never stopt till I got to the bottom. He never moved a leg didn't my horse, but slided promiscuously, as I may say, till he oversate somebody on the road; I was too flurrisome to see who; and the first body I see'd it

was



H. Bunbury Esq.r Delin.t

How to travel upon two Legs in a Frost.

OSTENDUNT TERRIS HUNC TANTUM FATA NEQUE ULTRA ESSE FINENT.

LONDON, Publish'd March 25th 1791 by W. DICKINSON N.o 24 Old Bond Street.

was a poor man axing charity in a hat. My horſe muſt have had a rare bit of bone in his back, and I fit him as ſtiff as buckram.

Your Honour's obedient Servant,

JAMES JUMPS.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

To the Editor, page vi. line 18. Page blank, *read*, page 7.
Geoffrey Gambado to the Reader, p. xiii. line 11. for theſe, *read*, thoſe.
Page 11. line 10. for Lemma's, *read*, Angle's.
—— 20. line 1. for Query, *read*, Quere.
—— 42. line 17. for did, *read*, old.
Ibid. for Bougle, *read*, Beagle.

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